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"The Bread Winners."

THE REVIEWS and the reading public are apt to disagree. A book which pleases most people who read it will be taken up by the literary editor of a magazine only to be cast down in disgust; while it sometimes happens that the one which appears to meet all the requirements of the critic will fail to catch hold of the larger audience. The latter is the case with the new novel, "The Bread Winners," which, for the past few months, has been issuing in the *Century*. On its appearance in book form a flood of criticism burst forth. The papers speak highly of it. The reviews praise it. The *Critic*, among others, gives it a notice of unalloyed commendation; but the general feeling is one of doubt as to its merits, or, with those who read the book carefully, of disappointment. The interest, as it came out from month to month, was great. The local coloring made the scene of the story so evident that the people of Cleveland were wild with excitement and anxiety to know the author. The earlier numbers were fresh, original and delightful, and gave promise of a continuation of the strong situations and pleasing incidents in which the first part so

abounds. But, as the plot fell away into melo-drama, as the strong situations became sensational ones, and only incident was preserved intact, though interest in the story still continued, the feeling at the end was the one which tells so much against a book. It was that, with his materials, the author had not done all he might; that what we had a right to expect had not been given us. Yet the book is a remarkable one and a strong one. It is remarkable for the originality of its theme or themes, and strong in its delineation of character. In the treatment of the first the author has failed, but as regards the last hardly more can be asked of him. The main theme of the book is given in its title. It starts out to treat of the relation of working-men's unions or clubs to society, and it looks at first as if the whole novel were to turn around this problem in American politics. Now here is a subject which has been little noticed in fiction, and admits of pretty exhaustive treatment; this is what we want, and what "The Bread Winners" does not give. The force of the earlier chapters encourages us to hope that the author will arrive at some satisfactory conclusion, or state some theory on the matter. Instead of this, he takes up the unions, shows some of their bad lights and evil results in a sensational sort of way, states no theory, reaches no conclusion, drops the subject when the book is three-quarters ended, and leaves us about where he found us.

In the same way he depicts a hitherto untouched type of woman: a large and growing class of girls in the United States who, born of low station, are educated to think themselves above it. Indirectly, in describing an individual of this class, he asks the question, What is to be done with them? and comes to no more of a conclusion than he does in the first instance. Perhaps a novelist is not bound to answer all the questions his themes suggest; he must present them for consideration; but in this case the author of "The Bread Winners" cannot claim the merit of suggesting these questions. They were present with everyone before,

and, as being so, we have a right to demand some sort of a reply to them, if touched on at all. It certainly looks, from internal evidence, as if the author had intended originally to state a theory on both these questions—as if the first three members had been carefully prepared with this end in view, and the last three written from month to month under pressure of the publishers. For one can almost mark the place where the change occurred, so evident is the decline in merit from the first part. Here was great power, originality in choosing and ability in depicting the characters; here the well-selected materials were laid in train for a long, complete and perfect story, when, of a sudden, the author grows weary of what he has undertaken, becomes careless, slights his materials, and winds up the plot in the commonplace,—with a couple of murders.

In character-sketching, lies the great strength of the "Bread Winners." These studies are capital. We know and daily meet just such people as are here presented. Maud Matchin, the heroine, is one of the best creations in the fiction of to-day. She is simply and purely national. Such a creature would be impossible out of the United States; for she belongs to that great and dangerous class—the second generation—the sons and daughters of emigrants, who, flinging off the restraint and subjection their fathers knew, are without self-respect and good sense enough to keep them from excesses. Beautiful with an animal beauty, gifted with taste to make the most of it, educated to know just too much and too little to take her proper position in society, her head is filled with such a combination of ideas, at once so romantic and foolish, yet so practical, so hard, so selfish, as to seem almost impossible. Her one ambition in life is to become a lady, not that she has any conception of the true meaning of the term. All she looks to are fine clothes, a fine house, and plenty of money to spend. Her plan for obtaining these is romantic and sordid. "Her only visions

were of a rich man who should love her for her fine eyes, and she never wasted conjecture on the age, the looks, the manner of being of this possible hero." She listens to the advice of a spiritualist, and, in all faith, proposes marriage to Farnham, the rich man of the book, with whose money and person she has fallen in love. He refuses her, and her love changes to a hatred in the end, inspiring a murderous attack on Farnham by one of her admirers, who falsely thinks it will please her. Through all, so evident is her simplicity and so great her beauty, that while we feel hatred and disgust at her heartless, low ambition, we are visited with what is almost sympathy for her endeavor to rise, and pity for her failure. This is perhaps natural, for the girl is not without virtue; she is simply without heart.

One of the most interesting and spirited elements in the book is the contrast, finely brought out, between Maud and Alice Belding, the woman Farnham loves. Both endowed with great beauty, that of the one is enhanced by the great loving soul that shines out through her eyes, while the other is debased with ignoble aims and mean vulgarity. We read an analysis of Maud's character; we see described her low way of thinking, her mean acts; we despise her treatment of her poor father and mother, and feel outraged and shamed that such things can be. Turning over the page, we are refreshed and inspirited by a glimpse into Alice's high, pure, calm nature. Alone, she might prove insipid, but in the contrast she is perfect. As we read we have the comforting reflection given us that, however much bad there may be in the world, the good can never die.

Of Farnham little can be said, for we get little insight into his character. He is the ideal, perfect hero—in fact, makes only one slip, and that one male readers will pardon more readily than female ones. In other words, he is guilty of the enormity of kissing Maud when she throws herself on his neck in the rose garden, an action which, for so perfect a man in other respects, is rather inconsistent.

The minor personages are all well done and very amusing, as, for instance, Mrs. Belding, the self-contented, portly old mother, and Temple, the man who "never speaks but he swears," and who found, when courting, that "the hardest work he ever did in his life was to keep from mingling his ordinary forms of emphasis in his asseverations of affection."

Sleeny, the carpenter, and Offitt, the greasy schemer, who both aspire to Maud's hand, are coarsely drawn, not over-original, characters, whose main use appears to be to wind up the plot in the sensational way the story ends. This is really blood-curdling and quite worthy of a dime novel, though why the right people couldn't have married each other without the assistance of one attempted and one accomplished murder it is hard to say. Offitt nearly murders Farnham to satisfy a grudge and to rob him of enough money to induce Maud to marry himself. He throws suspicion on Sleeny, the other lover, who is accordingly arrested and locked up. By a leap from a high window, quite worthy of Jack Sheppard or Baron Trenck, Sleeny reaches the ground and escapes. He rushes home, finds Maud in mortal terror of Offitt, who has just confessed the murder, springs on him, and, without any seeming difficulty, "twists and wrings his neck with his bare hands until he fell dead on the floor." He is acquitted by the jury on the ground of emotional insanity [here the author brings in an attempted hit on the jury system,] and marries Maud, who is quite conquered by his devotion. Farnham, of course, recovers to marry Alice, and the book ends with love and kisses.

Aside from the degeneration in the plot, the main fault is with its disjointedness. The incidents are well conceived; the author has clearly before his mind what he wishes to say or describe, and does both well. The bits of by-play and the way in which he touches on some of the flagrant abuses or phases of life in a big Western city are excellent. But the power of welding all this together is

either absent or is not employed. We do not glide gradually from topic to topic, from scene to scene, feeling that each is essential to the unity and perfectness of the story, but step abruptly from one to the other, always conscious of a want of cohesion in the materials, undeniably fine as they are, and disappointed and displeased at the end, only for the reason that the book does not form an artistic whole.

The Dreamer.

CARVED on the stone his record remains,
White from the marble slab it gleams;
The world is no better for his having lived,
Useless and empty his long life seems,
For he was a dreamer of dreams.

Great deeds were wrought and the world moved on;
Harvests whitened along life's streams;
But, although he was present, he took no part,
But looked askance at the busy scenes,—
For he was a dreamer of dreams.

Full many a maiden fair he met,
Sweet enough for a poet's themes,
Who could make homes happy and man's life rich;
But he pictured a fairer in shadowy gleams,
And still lived alone in his dreams.

Beautiful fancies thronged through his brain,
And ever he pondered great schemes;
But with years of life he accomplished them not;
The curtain fell on the unfinished scenes,—
His deeds were the dreams of dreams.

What was he here for, acting no part?
Only encumb'ring the stage, it seems.
Alas! for the record that tells the tale
Of the useless life and wasted means
Of this dreamer of dreams.

William Patterson.

WILLIAM PATTERSON, a native of Ireland, was graduated by the College of New Jersey in 1763. Disregarding as comparatively unimportant the numerous capacities in which he served the people immediately after the Declaration of Independence, there are three phases of his public career worthy of prominent notice—as delegate to the convention of 1787, as adapter of the English code to the legal necessities of New Jersey, and as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the convention assembled to discuss and propose to the people a substitute for the Articles of Confederation, which should insure a closer union and remove the gross defects in the existing form of government, Virginia took the initiative, by offering fifteen resolutions recommending substantial alterations. Among them it was proposed that “the rights of suffrage in the national legislature ought to be proportional to the quotas of contribution or the number of free inhabitants.” The debates, of which this statement constituted the subject, brought into prominence the danger to which the convention was exposed by disagreements between the representatives of the large and small States. The former welcomed this proposition as an increase of their power in the union to be consummated. The small States were, however, stubborn in their resistance. It fell to the lot of New Jersey to direct the struggle, and upon Patterson, as the ablest of her delegation, devolved the duties of leadership. In execution of this trust, he, in a few days, offered what was designated “the New Jersey plan,” granting to the United States revenues from duties, from revenue and postage stamps, and, by requisition, from the State treasuries; establishing a plural executive, elected and removable by Congress; conferring on States’ courts original but not final jurisdiction over violations of national law; providing an equal representation of the several States

in Congress, and investing that body with the joint powers proposed for the two national assemblies. This scheme of government was doubtless as extreme in one direction as the "Virginia plan" had been in the other. Although unsuccessful, its advocacy by Patterson secured an important result—it convinced the convention that equal representation of the different States in some high branch of the federal government was necessary, to prevent the absorption of the smaller States by the larger. The history of nations furnishes decisive proof that, had the earnest appeals of Patterson been unavailing, the Union would, in a short time, have consisted of but two or three extensive republics, each struggling, with the fierceness of despair, for the overthrow of its rivals. The part Patterson played in the convention was not restricted to this vexatious and momentous question. He bore a creditable part in all important debates, and Princeton may justly be proud of his share in the formation of that constitution which Gladstone has characterized as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

The supreme obstacle to be surmounted in the establishment of a young government is the formation of a suitable legal code. Laws are in no sense artificial, but a natural growth from popular demands for justice in the complications of actual experience ever widening in scope with increasing degrees of civilization. A young government must, therefore, draw its fundamental laws from some nation whose experience has been sufficiently general to test the justice and expediency of its legislative enactments. The stability of the government will be largely influenced by the skill and judgment with which this is done. In this respect New Jersey was the most fortunate of the States. In 1792, by an act of legislature, Patterson was appointed and authorized to collect and reduce, under their proper heads or titles, all the statutes of Great Britain up to that time practiced in the State; also, to arrange in order all the public acts passed

by the legislature, both before and after the revolution. In the following year he was authorized to alter and reduce, under appropriate headings, the State criminal law. Subsequently he was requested to examine such statutes and laws as he had not reported on; also, to draft and propose to the legislature such bills as would, in his opinion, conduce to the welfare of the State. It was an undertaking involving no slight labor and responsibility, but it was intrusted to a man who never shirked public duty or shrank from useful labor. Although during the first two of his six years of legislative exertion he performed the functions of Governor, and during the remainder occupied a place on the Supreme Court bench of the United States, he submitted at every session of the legislature, for its approval, an almost incredible number of revised and adapted English statutes and proposed laws, the preparation of which showed profound historical and legal research, and a wonderful forethought for the legislative need of the people. The result of his labors was the foundation of a system of laws which was then regarded as superior to that of any other State, and which still continues to be worthy of the highest commendation. In further praise of Patterson, it can be said that repeated revisions have been able to detect in his code little that demanded important modification.

In 1793 Patterson was nominated by Washington as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, a position which he held till his death, in 1806. This appointment, considering its high source and the opportunities for ascertaining his fitness for the office which the President, as the presiding officer of the convention in which Patterson was so prominent, had enjoyed, must be regarded as the greatest public honor conferred upon him. During his judicial career, beside his State legislative labors, he delivered frequent opinions, which more than sustained his previous reputation for legal knowledge and ability. He presided over a number of important trials, and his decisions were

in general sustained by the full court. He was, in every respect, an eminent member of a body of men to whose sagacity have been submitted, from the adoption of the Constitution to the present day, questions of the most momentous national importance.

Of his private character little need be said. It was in strict accord with his distinguished life. His prudence, justice, fidelity in friendship, generosity and genial good humor, made him a noble man. Though naturally lenient, he could be stern when occasion demanded.

"Wisdom he had, and to his wisdom, courage;
Temper to that, and unto all, success."

The Mail Robber.

I.

"GOOD-BYE, old fel. ! Success to you, and don't forget to drop me a line when you have nothing better to do." These were the words of my college friend, William Crandell, popularly called Billy, as he was leaving, the day after graduation. We had become very intimate during our course, and, as I saw him waving a kindly farewell, I felt as if I had lost my best friend. He was smart, jovial, generous to a fault, and sure to succeed in his chosen profession, the law, while I was an orphan, with no such bright prospects. We had taken part in many a "racket," been twice suspended for leaving town without permission, reprimanded for interrupting a beautiful Greek sentence with torpedoes, and giving a gentle hint to the professor that he had lectured sufficiently by an invincible alarm clock. This was all a thing of the past, and, as I returned to a seat beneath the spreading elms of the campus, I felt quite alone in the world. The next day I bade adieu to my *alma mater*. Necessity compelled me to seek some employment. I must have been

born under an unlucky star, for a year passed in hopeless search. My little store was nearly exhausted. "Four years spent in acquiring an education, and this the result—friendless, penniless." These were the thoughts cut short by a startled exclamation, "Helloa, old boy! you look like the last rose of summer! What's the matter?" Never was human voice more welcome than that of my classmate, Billy. The story was soon told, and tears almost gathered in his eyes as he said, "You have, indeed, had hard luck, Frank, but I guess we can pull you through. I will get the 'governor' to use his influence in your behalf." The latter soon wrote that he could obtain me a position as special agent of the U. S. Post Office if I would accept it. Of course I did. A week later my commission came, and with it orders to report at Washington for duty. Billy and I kept up a correspondence for some time, but at last my letters failed to reach him, and I gave up as lost one of my best and truest friends. Three years later, I was considered one of the finest experts in the service. I prided myself on the fact that a criminal had never escaped my vigilance. In my official capacity I had visited nearly every portion of the country. But in all my travels I never heard a word from Billy. What was the cause?

II.

In August, 1867, a dispatch came to the post-office, demanding the services of a detective immediately. On a steamer between Galveston and New Orleans, one of the mail-bags had been opened and four thousand dollars extracted from a registered letter. The robber left no clue that would lead to his detection. The money had been mailed at Galveston and was missing at New Orleans. I was at once sent to unravel the case, and this was my basis. I gathered all the facts possible from the officials at both cities, and obtained a list of the passengers who were on board the steamer at the time. There was but one man that could be suspected. He was tall and well proportioned,

with a full beard and blue eyes. His frank, open countenance had made him many friends, but no one knew anything about him. This, then, was the man whom I must find.

The wharves of that great Southern city were full of bustle and business as I stepped on the quay and began my search for James Roberts. With little difficulty I found he had remained in New Orleans some days and spent much money at the gaming table, and had then left for New York. Soon I was again on his track, but through some means he became aware of the fact, and was put on his guard. The case became more intricate. I always seemed to be at his heels and yet he escaped me. After an unsuccessful search I learned that his wife had joined him in New York, and together they had gone to St. Louis. I was but a few hours behind them. A hackman, in consideration of some of the "root of all evil," informed me as to their whereabouts. At last, I was to be rewarded.

Summoning another officer, we soon confronted him in his apartments. His person corresponded with the description. The room was elegantly furnished,—but was it with stolen money? His wife and child were there, and burst into tears as I made the arrest. In my heart I pitied them all while sternly demanding the prisoner's name. "William Crandell." It was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. No, yes, beneath that full beard were Billy's well-known features.

There could be no mistake. He gave an exact account of his life, telling how his father had failed and finally died. How he and his wife had been reduced to poverty, and how he was led to commit the robbery. His pride had kept him from applying to me for assistance. Before us both knelt the wife and mother, and with sobs begged me to save her erring husband. What could I do? I had received my bread from his hands, and yet was bound to perform my duty. How could I do this and save him? At last I took him

aside and told the other officer to await me in the hall. With great emotion I said: "Billy, you have been my friend, and now I will not desert you. Give me all the money you have and I will make up the four thousand. Leave this place and the country at once. I will say that you escaped, leaving the money behind, and have gone to Europe." Words could not express the gratitude he showed. He called his wife; they had a few moments' hurried conversation, and he then left the house by another way. After a sufficient time had elapsed, I raised the alarm. It is needless to say we never found him. I returned to headquarters, made my report, and the case was given up.

III.

Some months after the above occurrence, I was enjoying myself with an after-supper cigar and reading a college journal. Although it had been a long time since I left my *alma mater*, I took great interest in everything that pertained to her.

As I read of the differences and abuses, of disobedience and rigorous laws, of an attempt to blow up the chapel, and the rebellion of the base-ball team, I was lost in my own college life. How changed things were—I was in moderate circumstances, my best friend a fugitive from justice. As I thought over all these things, I was glad I had shown him mercy, and was ready to forgive his fault. The college tie of friendship had not been broken. In the midst of these reflections a servant brought me a card with the name "William Crandell." I asked that he be shown to my room. A tall, well-known form darkened the door with a smile on his *smooth* face. He gave me the hearty handshake known to college boys. Was this William Crandell, the thief? Doubt at once sprang up in my mind. Soon we were both engaged in relating to each other all the circumstances of our life since our last meeting. I left out the occurrence involving his other self. His mother's health becoming

poor, the family had gone to Europe, and were but just returned. He had written many times during his travels, but the letters never reached me. Just before leaving, his sister had made a run-a-way match with a worthless fellow whom everyone took to be his brother, so much did they resemble each other. At once the truth flashed upon me. His sister had learned my identity, given her husband the particulars of my life, and he had duped me.

I was happy to see the face of him who had been more than a friend to me, and to learn that his character was unaltered. Still a sheepish feeling came over me as I thought of Mr. William Crandell and his weeping wife. And to this day, when Billy meets me, he says: "Have you found the other Billy yet, Frank?"

Literature in the Periodical.

THE literature of the periodical is obviously a distinct type. What constitutes its distinguishing mark? All literature can be considered in two aspects; subjective, from the standpoint of the author; objective, from that point of the reader. To what extent does an author have in view, in the production of a work, the taste and the criticism of the public? How far does it influence him? On the other hand, how far has the mind of the author free scope? It is the prominence of the objective element in the literature of periodicals that stamps it as peculiar. Contributions to periodicals are more restricted than independent efforts of the pen. In the one the author selects his circle of readers by the very subject and character of his work; in the other the reading public itself, as it were, chooses its author by the demands of their taste. For those writers alone who secure the attention of the public can assure the success of the periodical. The taste of the public is the criterion by

which is judged the fitness of a production for publication. Through the medium of the periodical, therefore, the author and the public exercise a more decided mutual influence than in other forms of literature. These two extremes in literature, the subjective and the objective, are well illustrated by the difference between some scientific work and a daily journal. Readers approach the former in the attitude of learner. They listen when the author speaks. They do not dictate the character or substance of his words. But, unless a newspaper presents what the public will read, it will in so far be unsuccessful. This distinction, which makes independent works less objective than contributions to periodicals, is not absolute. It is potential. It is impossible for the latter to disregard the public taste. It is possible for the former not only to disregard, but even of itself to create, public taste. In the other extreme, the author of independent work may bind himself voluntarily to cater to public fancy. He may conform to fashion in literature. For example, he may write a "novel of society," so-called, a fashion which is a present and passing phase of literature. It is possible for this style to have been originated and published by a subjective author. But it became objective when others adopted it in expectation of a like success. Fashion is a form of the objective in literature.

The emphasis given to the objective element in periodicals must not eclipse the subjective. It is never absent from any sphere of literary work. The personality of the author is essential. Through the medium of his productions, moulded and stamped with his thoughts and convictions, he exerts a direct personal influence. His convictions may be but the personations, his thoughts but the reflections, of others, his mind but the filter through which runs their influence; still a personality, however perverted or concealed, underlies his work in the periodical. He imparts his own life and spirit to his work.

To appreciate the nature and the bearing of these elements in the structure of periodical literature, particularly of the

subjective, it is necessary to go back to its origin to trace the first exercise of their influence. The province of periodical literature is a tapestry, woven of the direct and indirect forces which have influenced its development. Lost in viewing the extent and the excellency and the defects of the whole, one may forget to examine the separate threads. It is to consider these thread-elements of the periodical before they became woven together, entangled, too, it may be, in successive periods, that we must go back to the time of construction. The tinge and texture of each can then be seen as they enter the loom, how they unite and separate, appear and disappear, in the process. That time in the history of the periodical was the age of Addison and Steele. It is a peculiarly favorable one in which to observe the direct personal influence of a few upon society. The subjective element is patent, for, when general education is at its lowest ebb, when learning is stupidity in polite eyes, and ability is an evidence of the want of it, the few authors stand out in sharp outline. Their productions must be purely their own, written untrammelled. It was Addison and Steele that conceived the literature of the "Spectator" to cure social evils. It was not the expression of the age as a whole; the effort rather of a few to reform the age. It was a striking example of direct personal influence exerted through the medium of the periodical by a few upon the many. The conditions by which an author is surrounded now are more complex. An age of enlightenment is not an age of contrasts. Still, beneath the surface of outside influences can be discerned the swift current of the author's personality, directing, as it ever will, the course of the stream.

Such, then, is the essential subjective element of periodical literature. Now, what is the objective element? What influence does the public exercise over the writer? It is true Addison and Steele, as physicians of society, originated and prescribed their own medicines for the social disease. But, did they not have to obey the dictates of the people as

to how it should be administered? In establishing the "Spectator" they had to consider how its financial success should be secured by an extensive circulation, as well as the moral effect of their articles. A grave homily was too solid food to be served as a relish at the tea-table or the coffee-house. It must be seasoned with humor and spiced with sarcasm to be palatable. The public, to which learning was a by-word, thus restricted the work of Addison and Steele. How much greater is the influence over contributors to the periodical of the present exerted by a public thoroughly educated. Now not only must the form in which an author clothes his thought be popular, but he must choose the very subject of the thought by the same criterion. For it must, to a certain extent, echo and accord with their popular taste. To state specifically, then, the influence of the public on the character of periodical literature, two things must be considered: the manner in which a subject is presented relative to the class addressed, and the character of the subject itself.

The conditions of the writings of F. Marion Crawford are peculiarly favorable for exemplifying the objective in literature; the more so that he has contributed "A Roman Singer" to a periodical, which has been seen to be a distinctly objective literary field. The success which his first work achieved entitles Crawford to the credit of having attracted popular taste and fancy. The very elements of the success which awaited "Mr. Isaacs" have floated "Dr. Claudius," are floating "A Roman Singer," and have failed to float the latest work, "To Leeward." It is the influences which affected the writing of "A Roman Singer" which are to the present purpose; for here Crawford appears as a contributor to a periodical.

Whether or not "Mr. Isaacs" was subjective, whether or not it was written in accord with the dictates of his own personality, it is evident, in his later works, that he is pushing to their extreme the elements of his first success. They were popular. He is objective in conforming to them.

What are they? The attraction of "Mr. Isaacs" did not lie essentially in the subject, plot or scene of the work. They may have been subsidiary. But it is the style. His works are an example of style stronger than material. What is his style? It is distinctively one of contrast. What he has himself said of his character Julius Batiscombe, in "To Leeward," might be aptly applied to his own writings: "His comments were by turns light and sarcastic, and then, again, very serious; and his general readiness to make things seem amusing made his graver sayings doubly strong by contrast." Crawford's style is "light" and "sarcastic," and consists essentially of "contrast." If the sentences are not strictly antithetic, the thought is. It gives force, vivacity, attractiveness. But it is used as a means, not an end. Its brightness is not open and intentional. It is not urged upon the reader. This is the reason it usurped, for the time, the popular favor of the light society novel, of the type of "A Fashionable Sufferer," or, "A Newport Aquarelle." For their actual brilliancy and their intent to be brilliant are, as a rule, in the inverse ratio.

But his command of style, the very excellency of it, often carry him to excesses in the expression of thought. Take, for example, the description of a ball-room in "To Leeward." The alliteration and the rhythm are admirable in producing their effect. But the effect is marred by the fact that half the words mean nothing. "The soft, thick air of the ball-room, swayed rhythmically to the swell and fall of the violins, the perfume of roses and lilies, was whirled into waves of sweetness, and the beauty of many young hearts seemed to tremble, musically, through the nameless harmony of instrument and voice, and rustling silk, and gliding feet. In the passionately moving symphony of sound and sight and touch, the whole weal and woe and longing of life throbbled in a three-fold force."

One of the best examples of Crawford's power of contrast, both in thought and expression, is the description of the

supernatural agencies, called upon by "Ram Lal," at the transfer of Mr. Isaac's prisoner in the valley: "A few minutes before it had seemed as if there would be neither cloud nor mist in such a sky, and now a light, filmy wreath was rising and darkening the splendor of the wonderful night. I looked across at Ram Lal. * * * Like the heavy fall of virgin white that is laid on the body of a pure maiden, of velvet soft and sweet, but heavy and impenetrable as death, relentless, awful, appalling the soul, and freezing the marrow in the bones, it came near the earth. The figure of the gray old man grew mystically to gigantic and unearthly size, his vast old hands stretched forth their skinny palms to receive the great curtain as it descended between the moonlight and the sleeping earth. His eyes were as stars, his hoary head rose majestically to an incalculable height; still the thick, all-wrapping mist came down, falling on horse and rider, and wrestler and robber and Amir, hiding all, covering all, folding all in its soft samite arms, till not a man's own hand was visible to him a span's length from his face." This example is admirable, too, as illustrative of the elements in "Mr. Isaacs" which captured popular fancy. It combines the attractiveness of his style with the secondary elements, coloring and the eastern aspect.

We have examined Crawford and his works at this length because exemplifying the objective in literature, the influence of the public taste and fancy upon an author, as well as because recent and familiar.

Literature in periodicals, then, has two elements, the subjective and objective, of which the latter predominates. Is its ideal in the due combination of two?

Garrison.

WE WERE all born during, or about the time of the civil war. From our infancy we have listened to the story of that great conflict. The one idea we have been accustomed to associate therewith is that it freed the slaves. Many of us have been taught that the Republican party did this with its franchise, and so the party boasts to-day. Possibly this is well. Our puerile minds were not able to grasp all the root-lets, of cause and influence that ran back into the past. Confusion, and hence ignorance, have been avoided by having us entertain the simpler explanation. But now we are no longer weaklings. If our fathers slew the monster, slavery, certainly we may be trusted to make an autopsy. It is neither a desire nor an object of this paper to tell again the old, old story, nor to discuss errors and responsibilities, success and glory. But when we come to employ our adolescent powers in the search for the "why," we stumble on a name hitherto paled by brighter lights—William Lloyd Garrison.

Who was he? Infidel, coarse vituperator, madcap, fanatic, are among the words with which eminent scholars and divines have characterized him. "A poor instrument in God's hand for the advancement of a mighty cause—that of humanity," are words in keeping with the spirit he ever displayed.

What is his place in history? This century will hardly determine with justice and certainty the true disposition of all the forces and factors engaged in its great movement. It is only by beginning the work, however, that we can assist those who come after to a more thorough solution. Wendell Phillips, than whom, perhaps, on account of his personal relations and community of principles, no one is more competent to speak, makes this unequivocal assertion: "Mr. Garrison began, inspired, and largely controlled the

movement which put an end to negro slavery in the United States. This fixes his place in history."

If this be true, then why have we not known it before? Why is his name not everywhere spoken in the same breath with Lincoln's? The answer is that he was one of those men "of whom the world is not worthy." They come to bless mankind, but the world receives them not. In this, as in every great crisis, the clock of progress struck the hour which sounded the call for a reformer, and such a one appeared. The times may be ripe for a movement, but until there is a single head to marshal the forces and be the soul of the cause, it cannot go on. So slavery in America had been opposed by many before Garrison's day, but never until then had there arisen a leader. Yet, not only a leader, for though preëminently such after a time, he had first to manufacture a public opinion which should supply him with forces. Looking from our point of view, we cannot appreciate the magnitude and difficulty of this work. We see it completed—a success. Its progress and accomplishment meant misrepresentation, revilement, persecution, imprisonment, disgrace to its movers and friends. All this and more did Garrison and the Garrisonians bear.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in Newburyport, Mass., on the 10th of December, 1805. Apprenticed successively to the trades of shoemaker and cabinetmaker, he at last found his true place in a printing office, that educator of so many of the world's great. He rose quickly, and edited in turn local, philanthropic and political papers. In Baltimore, which was then a great mart of the slave trade, he edited *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, and, after being driven thence by the opposition which his paper aroused, he published *The Liberator*, in Boston. The hostility which these publications evoked, and, at the same time, the real magnitude of the good they accomplished, can only be appreciated upon a careful study of the whole story of "Agitation."

Yet, while these were the work of Garrison, almost unaided and alone, they do not constitute more than a fraction of the real part he took in the movement. His every energy during his whole life was spent in the one direction. But, be it noted, in refutation of general rules and direct associations, that he did not become narrow and bigoted.

Born with a keen moral insight, reared by a devout mother, schooled in poverty and toil, he early appreciated the heinousness of human slavery. His sympathy with the blacks was so intense that he seemed to feel the very weight of the cloud which depressed them. Adding to this a deep sense of shame for the Christian church and government which supported or connived at slavery, the whole force of his moral and intellectual being burst out in denunciation.

When he sounded his first call for immediate emancipation on the soil, he had not a single supporting friend—certainly a voice crying in the wilderness. The picture of that beardless boy daring to oppose thirty millions of people, and to attack an institution which had the sympathy and sanction of those people, must inspire the profoundest respect for the moral courage it portrays. Some have delighted to call it fanaticism. So, also, did men not hesitate to revile the Christ, and every great reformer. In the light of history it had become rather a title of honor to be called a fanatic in the sense which it had received. For, had Garrison been an ordinary "crank," his words, issuing from "an obscure hole," with no impetus save what their burning zeal and freighted meaning gave them, would never have shaken the land, throughout its broad extent, as they did.

"Never in Custom's oiled grooves
The world to a higher level moves,"

but in any great reform, by so much as the leader differs from the masses, is he able to raise them to a higher plane. Garrison was far in advance of his day, and it required over

thirty years of "moral agitation" to prepare the people for political action, and thence for bloody conflict.

He had one end and aim in view—the abolition of slavery; and, while he never for a moment swerved from his purpose, he yet was willing to adapt his methods to growing opinion. At first, and for a long time, he maintained that the conflict should be made on moral and ethical grounds rather than on political and sanguinary. But when, through his labors, public opinion was brought to the proper state, he approved and aided every means which tended toward the successful culmination of the movement. When success was assured, and the slaves were free, he immediately and quietly withdrew, arrogating to himself not the slightest claims to applause or reward.

Into what place history will eventually consign him we can not say. It may be that in this, as in many cases, the real agent of reform, working with a quiet steadiness of moral purpose, will be thrust aside into the shadow of the greater glory given to the political and military leaders, which came forward at the precipitate close of the movement. It is either a fault or a misfortune of the masses that they never see the true inwardness of things, but are attracted solely by showy externals and brilliant events. Let those of us, however, who know better, not hesitate to give due credit to what may be called the "silent forces" in human affairs.

Fiction Stranger than Truth.

NOW A JOLT, now a lunge from one side of the seat to the other, then a sudden magical elevation into the air, followed by an unmagical, very sensible descent upon the hardest seats, made us realize that we were in a railway-car, riding over a very rough track. But we kept our teeth set

and our eyes fixed on the window, so as not to lose an object in the panorama rushing by the narrow pane.

We were passing up the Susquehanna valley; our destination was Cooperstown, not Cooperstown as the modern resort of flippant, inquisitive, intruding summer pleasure-seekers, but our pilgrimage was to Cooperstown as the famous site of Otsego Hall, the home of the great novelist, Cooper, from whom the town derived its name. Our luggage did not consist of fishing tackle, tennis racket and other articles so unsuited to such historic surroundings, but rather of a guide-book, field-glass, sketching materials and the works of Cooper himself, for we were ardent admirers of his literary genius, and our desire was to behold the very scenes, and breathe the very atmosphere of his native town. It was dark when we arrived at the depot, almost too dark to see the dimly lighted streets through which our bus was hastening to the hotel. Although tired and hungry, and forlorn in spirit, we determined to see the lake before retiring. Who cared if people did turn and stare at us as we staggered down the street—for that motion of the train clung to us still—we felt innocent.

The lake was nearer our hotel than we had supposed, and a pleasant surprise it was, for, lifting our eyes, we found ourselves standing on its very brink. The beauty that lay before us can never be erased from our memories. There lay the Otsego, with its broad expanse of silvery waters shimmering in fitful, pale hues, as the moon, struggling in and out among the billows of dense cloud, shone across the smooth surface. Along the bank, as far as the eye could reach, jutted out in the water, long, dark reflections of the pine-clad hills. There was not a moving object to be seen, not even a light glimmered across that broad, silvery path. The gentle wash of the waters at our feet, the creaking and moaning of the boats, tied to the dock, as they rose and fell on the waves, only rendered the solitude and stillness more awful. To turn from such a scene was to break from some

revery, to lower the thoughts from heaven to earth, and to carry away an unfading picture. No, we thought, it is not wonderful that Cooper was inspired by such scenes; our only surprise is that he did not paint grander pictures.

As we wandered back to the hotel what thoughts crowded upon us! what dreams of famous places yet to visit!

The next morning our first duty was to pay homage to our hero's shrine. The path to the cemetery lay along a hot, dusty road. As we approached the entrance to this "City of the Dead," before us, on a high terrace, stood a tall shaft of marble. Yes, there was the Leather Stocking monument; we had seen it on our baby blocks, on our collar boxes, and now in our books. Here he lies, we thought, and reverently approached the monument.

"Keep off that 'ere grass!" shouts a voice from behind.

Meekly we step back and inquire where he lies.

"Lies! He ain't here. This is a cent-of-tap."

A "cent-of-tap," we pondered. Oh, yes! a cenotaph, of course.

"But where is he buried?"

"Down town, by the church," was the gruff reply.

Back we go, and sure enough, there, under the pines in the Episcopal church-yard, was his tomb, with the simple inscription, "Fenimore Cooper." We couldn't recall the same feelings as before, but we collected some flowers as a souvenir and departed.

Now we seek his house. That one yonder, surrounded with the broad piazzas covered with climbing vines and shaded by venerable elms, must be it. Thinking that visitors must surely be allowed to approach it, we enter the high iron gates. Probably he once walked on that same piazza, looked from that small-paned window, and, may be, planned his books while walking this garden path.

"Anything wanted, sir?" said a fellow, doffing his cap.

"Oh, no; nothing particular, only to see the place. Are any of Cooper's children yet living here?"

"Cooper? Why, this is Bedle's place, the author of the Dime Novels!"

Our heart nearly stopped beating, but with a sickly smile we turned and said, "Oh, yes; of course!"

The next proper thing was to visit the places made famous in his novels. Leather Stocking Cave must be visited first. Up the dusty road again, through the cornfields and scrambling over the rocks, we picked our way. But, alas! no cave could be found as we crawled along the steep hillside, trembling lest a misstep might send us rolling to the bottom.

"Oh, my ankle!" I exclaimed, as I felt a sharp pain, and looked down to extricate my foot from a hole in the ground, when, behold, a sign-board met our view, marked in big letters, "Leather Stocking Cave." Yes, that was it; I had stubbed my foot in the very cave where war councils had once assembled and whole bands of scouts been secreted.

The next object of interest was the rock on which that renowned treaty had been made between the Indians and the white men. This rock was said to be in the lake, so we hired a boat and a guide. Carefully we laid our books and drawing materials in the boat and took our seat at the oars. The guide had pushed off from the dock.

"Be careful, or you'll run into it," said he.

"Into what?"

"Why, the Treaty Rock as you was comin' to see."

Oh, heavens! was that it?—an insignificant rock, rising about one foot out of the water, and showing a surface not more than two feet square! I alone could scarcely stand on it, and there the representatives of American and European races had met. We silently rowed away from it and directed the boat up the lake, desiring to see the island home of Judith. How often, when reading "Deerslayer," had I pictured that little green island, like an emerald surrounded by the rippling waters of the lake. I was picturing it again to myself, and, rowing on and on, were lost in our imaginations, only to be aroused by something scraping against the

bottom of the boat. It must be near shore, we thought, raising our eyes to survey the surroundings; but no, our boat was only passing through some reeds growing on a bar which extended out into the lake.

"Here, on these reeds," said the guide, "is where the island is supposed to have been."

We could not answer, our hearts were too full for utterance. The dreams and visions of our life had been dissipated, they had vanished, leaving the bare realities.

With mingled sorrow and chagrin we silently floated back towards the town, thinking that we had never esteemed Cooper highly enough; he had truly made Cooperstown scenery famous, and not it him.

Oh, yes, as for my chum and myself, we shall go there again, but next time furnished with fishing tackle, tennis rackets and dress suits. For us no more using an author's works for guide-books and searching for beauties that have escaped his notice.

Hereafter we shall prefer description to participation.

Voices.

AMONG the least known and the least read of Thackeray's productions are his ballads; many of them perhaps deservedly so, for they were written when he was a literary hack, and have not the ring of true poetry. But there are some written, as it were, spontaneously, without the traces of stern necessity, which, for humor and pathos, are not excelled by any in the language. In one, "The Chronicle of the Queen," we have indeed fierce, stirring earnestness. It is a quaint picture of an old soldier smoking his pipe, and telling with pride the story of the wars through which

he has gone. We seem to hear, as we read, the rattle of the drum sounding to the charge, and are almost ready to join with the poor old Frenchman in his curse on the English, who have killed his emperor and disgraced his country. In the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," the pathos predominates. We smile sadly, but are more than half inclined to weep as Thackeray "fills up his lonely glass and drains it in memory of the dear old times" he has been recalling. Our sense of humor and our pity are both excited in the "Cane-bottomed Chair," when, after describing "his snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs," where he leads a solitary, bachelor life, he tells us that his most precious possession is an old chair, in which his lady-love, now dead, once sat. And every evening he draws it up before the fire, and imagines his lost love sitting there beside him.

"I sit here alone, but yet we're a pair;
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair."

These three are probably the best of the ballads; nearly all of the remaining ones refer to contemporary events, and have little point now. One of the *Lyra Hibernica*, however, though of small literary merit, would be likely to interest the Princeton reader. It is called "The Last Irish Grievance," and has for its hero no other than our venerable President. It seems that when the Doctor was made professor of logic in Queen's College, Belfast, the Irish strongly objected to his appointment; not on the score of his lack of brogue, presumably, but of his not being a native of the Emerald Isle. "On reading," to give the introductory words, "of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch professor to one of Her Majesty's Godless colleges, Master Molloy Maloney, brother of Thaddeus Maloney, Esq., of the Temple, a youth of only fifteen years, dashed off the following spirited lines." Thackeray apparently did not experience the same difficulty in finding rhymes to "McCosh" which

oppressed the Columbia poets, not long ago so busy with McCosh and malaria, and the imitation of Irish dialect and bombast is capital. One of the stanzas runs as follows, and the last line would seem to indicate that the youth had caught a condition in Psychology :

“Oh, false Sir John Kane! is it thus that you praych me?

I think all your Queen's universities bosh;

And if you've no neetive professor to taych me,

I scawrun to be learned by the Saxon McCosh.”

AN ARTICLE in the January number of the *Princeton Review*, entitled “The College of To-day,” puts the problem of college government in a clearer light than I had ever before seen it. The writer makes the following statements in regard to the two methods of discipline now in vogue among all our colleges: “The one argues that the student must be trained to enter the world through close supervision and with immediate motives in view; the other believes that he must learn before he enters the world—that he must depend on himself. The tendency of professionalized teachers is to follow the first system; and it must be admitted that the liberal innovators who have reached out toward the freer method, have often been sadly disappointed in the practical results. Their students did not accept the responsibility.” He then unfolds the principle that, while the central authority must remain supreme, there are certain spheres of conduct and responsibility which, within limits, it would be well to leave to the older students themselves, in so far as they show themselves capable of fulfilling the trust. This method has been tried in several colleges, and is popularly known as the Amherst plan. Its operation in such cases cannot be called a brilliant success. The reason for this does not lie on the surface. One would suppose, judging

beforehand, that such an experiment would succeed admirably; but when the method is transferred from theory to actual practice, the result has, in several cases, been unsatisfactory. It is too radical, for one thing. Every institution of great age and respectability may be supposed to have, and probably does have, a theory of policy, a law of development in itself.

The system of discipline in an old respectable college like Amherst must, surely, have many peculiar and characteristic features. To suddenly alter all this by the introduction of such a radical method as student self-government is no light undertaking. The result of such an experiment in Princeton would be even more unsatisfactory. And yet we have no doubt that if the plan could be gradually introduced, without destroying the authority of the faculty, but rather amalgamating with the old system, it would bring about a good result. The old argument is, that we, as American students, need to be self-governing, as preparatory to citizenship. This is undeniably sound policy. But with reference to Princeton particularly, limited self-discipline would quench a vast amount of grumbling, would remove visionary causes of complaint, and would relieve the faculty of much trivial embarrassment in the work of discipline, such as examining excuses for absence, granting out-of-town leave, etc. But above all, it would put a new relation between students and instructors, removing the latter entirely from the position of overseers and disciplinarians to that of friends and educators. The importance of this result can hardly be dwelt on too strenuously. There is much that is false and foolish in the relation between faculty and undergraduates which cannot be changed while matters stand as they do. But is it doubted whether a joint court of discipline would act in good faith and would feel the responsibility of their position? Let us consider what is proposed. Simply that jurisdiction in minor matters, such as excuses, absences, classroom disorder, and breaches of the peace, be delegated to a

court, whose jury shall be elected from the classes, and whose judge shall be appointed by the faculty from their own number. Of the jury, the majority should be from the upper classes. I can vouch for the good judgment of the classes in selecting their representatives. The men selected would, in nine cases out of ten, be glad to serve for a year on such a jury, both because of the honor and because they would regard the training as beneficial to themselves.

There is needed a college sentiment in favor of college law and order, what is called *esprit de corps*, and this is almost wholly wanting at present. The proposed system would give voice to the sentiment expressed in an article on "The Academic Conscience" in the November LIT., and would, moreover, result in suppressing the mean and childish spirit which was there exposed and condemned.

WHEN the Revolutionary War closed there were a few cannon left near Princeton, and one in Princeton. All were English guns, and bore the mark of the Crown. The largest of them all was the one left near where East College now stands. Its gun-carriage gradually rotted away, and left the gun flat on the ground, where the boys used to congregate for their favorite game of "shinny."

Of the other guns, it seems that but one small one was ever used much. At any rate, we have not enough interest in them to care where they went. Let us then confine ourselves to the two which are now planted in the campus.

The large one, as we have seen, was left on the campus, where it remained till the year 1812. Then the second war with England came on. A British squadron was reported off the Jersey coast, and New Brunswick was considered in danger. The large cannon had to go, but when it reached New Brunswick it was considered unfit for service, and thrown aside.

When the war was over the people of Princeton asked that their cannon be restored to them. Their request was not heeded, however, and it was not till one Sunday evening in July, 1836, that anything further was done about it. Then it was that a small squad of townspeople, (not students) called the "Princeton Blues," congregated in front of the Presbyterian church, and agreed to bring back the cannon that night, for the next day was "The Fourth."

They started out with heavy trucks, and accoutred with side arms to go to New Brunswick. Having reached there, they secured the gun by stealthy maneuvering. So silent were their movements that they did not awaken even one of the New Brunswickers. On the way home they represented themselves to be U. S. soldiers, passed over the turnpike free of toll, and had nearly reached Princeton when, to their dismay, the truck broke down, and they could take it no further. But the sun had risen, and so they began to fire the customary Fourth of July salutes just where the gun was. Such sport seems to have been too much, however, for the old English gun, for it soon burst in indignation, and has held its peace ever since. Finally, in 1838, the College took charge of the old gun again, and, after elaborate preparations, planted it where it now is, and where it has remained ever since its planting.

Now we may turn our attention to the little cannon and its exploits. At first the small cannon was used considerably in firing off the enthusiasm of the youthful Princetonians, but when they heard that the big cannon was to be taken away, they hid the small one at Worth's Mills, and did not bring it from its hiding place till the war was over. Then it served as a sort of curbstone on the corner of Nassau and Witherspoon streets, till the class of '59 gave it a more honorable place by planting it on the campus near the large one.

In 1871, the students of Rutgers College began to look upon our possession of these revolutionary relics with envi-

ous eyes, and in the latter part of this year they made an effort to carry off the smaller of the two cannon. Though foiled, they did not abandon their project, and on the 26th of April, 1875, our students being off for spring vacation, they dug it up and carried it back to New Brunswick. This aroused considerable excitement. Articles were published in the New York papers in regard to the matter, and it was feared there would be trouble. Then a committee, consisting of Dr. Cameron and Dr. Duffield, was sent from this College to settle the matter. They stated the case, the Rutgers committee granted them their point, the cannon was brought back in triumph, and planted where it now stands. These are a few of the most important facts about the Princeton cannon, and we are indebted for these to Dr. Cameron, who has kindly preserved them, both in his memory and in his writings.

WHETHER it be a blessing or a curse, politics, as a study, has never received the attention from Princeton which other colleges have granted it. A majority of men at graduation here, are sadly ignorant of the science of parties, and know nothing of the underlying principles upon which they are founded. They go out into the world with their politics an inheritance, received, like wealth, from the generation preceding. But perhaps this form of conservatism is a natural qualification, inherent in humanity. It may be that after years of study they would have embraced the same idea. They would, at least, be able to abstract the good from the bad in the opposition, and intelligently understand the principles of their inheritance.

At the present time, when the great issues which make parties are so distinctly marked, we could partially meet the deficiency in the curriculum by an application of the same methods adopted by other colleges. At Yale, in addition to

the regular instruction by Prof. Sumner, a series of lectures on Free Trade and Protection is annually provided. Cornell, this year, has adopted the same plan, and two eminent advocates of each issue will deliver a series of lectures from their respective standpoints. Such a course here, on one topic or the other, would be especially desirable during second term. The term is rapidly advancing, however, and there is but little hope of such a provision being made by the authorities. If our lecture association is still extant, here is a wide field for the exercise of latent energies. The "men of Matthew Arnold," for instance, might be resurrected to their own advantage.

MY FRIEND had told me that his home commanded one of the most beautiful views in the country, but I was not expecting a scene so grand. During the night a light rain had fallen, which froze on everything it touched, and was followed by a fall of snow. Just below the house, at the bottom of a sloping meadow, stands a thick grove of oaks. The dead, brown leaves still cling to their lower branches, but they are loaded down with snow. The higher boughs and twigs are all white with glistening ice, and the eye gets lost in contemplating the beauty of their wild interlacing. In the valley beyond, a small stone chapel rises from a thicket of spruce trees. It has a cold and cheerless look, like the graves around it. The low hill on the north is beautiful with the pyramids of the snow-laden pine trees, half white, half dark green, looking as though it were brooded over by eternal cold and silence. And then come white swelling uplands, with here and there thick laurel brakes, scarcely less white than the fields. But farther still, to the north, beyond and above all, is the grand, lonely mountain-chain, stretching away for mile after mile in solemn wildness. How far away are its deep-cleft ravines and hollows! How bold and sky-reaching its upland knolls! No sign of life is there. No curling smoke, or white, bare clearing. And

what a peculiar shade of color is over it all. The thick woods prevent the heavy snow from making it a blank white, and this, with the distance, combines to give the range a strange white and dark bluish tint,—not the blue of the same mountains in June, nor the slumberous purple haze of Indian summer, but the light steel-blue of winter. Just opposite the clouds trail down upon the very bosom of the mountain. But farther to the eastward it rears its lonely, lofty ridges, clearly defined, against the slaty sky. But what is this misty veil lowering over the northern ranges? It advances, and mountain, hill and valley grow dim and disappear within it. And now the big, feathery flakes come rushing down, and the whole scene is hidden from view.

PRINTED notes have become a necessity, for the rapidity with which many of the lectures are delivered render the hastily taken fragments, such as one finds in his own note-book, of but little avail for reference. If there were no printed notes, all would be on an equal footing, but as it now is, each one must buy the notes to keep up with his neighbor. As matters stand, the business is a grand monopoly. The Seniors are fairly groaning as the dollars are wrung from their pockets. The prices charged for everything in the way of notes and syllabi are simply exorbitant. This species of extortion should not be suffered longer in silence. It would be well for the class to appoint a committee to wait upon the different professors and make some arrangement with them whereby they would hand their manuscript directly to the printers, and not allow it to go through a "middle-man." If this could not be done, the class should take some action in the matter, and demand that the notes be sold at a more reasonable price. If, after a syllabus, had been printed, the class, to a man, should refuse to buy them at such high prices, I fancy there would soon be a lowering

of values, and the bondholders would not receive such enormous dividends as have been declared heretofore. Such an action would certainly be productive of good, for matters cannot be rendered any worse than they are at present.

WHEN the present Seniors were under-classmen, they looked forward to Junior and Senior years, and to the latter especially, as a time when they could elect subjects for study which would be of use to them in after life. Junior year has passed, Senior year is half gone, and many of us, I fear, are sadly disappointed. The present Sophomore class has fourteen hours a week in the class-room, and not more than eight different subjects. Greek occupies four hours, Latin and Mathematics three, and the remaining studies one or two each. The Senior class has the same number of hours a week in the recitation-room, with not less than *eleven* subjects, no one of which has more than two hours allotted to it. Five of the eleven studies are elective, and each elective has one hour a week devoted to it. Of the required studies, only two of them come twice a week; the rest only once. It seems to me that it would be far more advantageous to take fewer studies at once, and devote more time to each one. This arrangement would be appreciated, especially about examination time.

At Harvard, the Seniors are required to write, during the year, four forensics, and to elect studies covering twelve hours a week. There are over one hundred subjects from which the student may make his choice, and of these he may elect four, occupying three hours a week each. If, instead of eleven different courses, we should pursue five, or even six, during the fourteen hours each week, I think much more advantage would be derived from our work of Senior year. Such a change would tend to do away with much grumbling and groaning, and everyone would feel better satisfied with his Princeton diploma.

Editorials.

SOME members of the association which brought Mr. Arnold here to lecture, encouraged by the success of that undertaking, have made preparations to secure one of those delightful readings with which Mr. George W. Cable has been entertaining society in Boston and New York. It is safe to say that Mr. Cable stands among the first three or four of living American novelists; indeed an opinion which is gaining ground is, that he has no superior, even in Howells or James, or the new romancer, Crawford. The entertainments which he has been giving consist in readings from his own books,—such readings as Dickens gave in this country years ago. No recent novels are so well adapted to this use, owing to the inimitable humor and pathos which he has embodied in that sweetest and most comical of all dialects, the Creole. The enterprise of this association in bringing Mr. Cable to Princeton should be rewarded with a full and appreciative house.

And, by the way, it would be no less an honor than a pleasure to all of us, if we could hear this winter Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Nestor of American humor and sound sentiment. Now that he has retired from his duties at Harvard, and gone back to the field of letters with vigor unimpaired and wit undulled, he may possibly be open to an invitation to address a body of young men who have read his books and who would be glad to tell around their own firesides, fifty years hence, that in their youth they saw and heard the Autocrat.

A GRAVE malady is insinuating itself among the students gathered here! Does the reader look aghast? Does he fly to the pages of the *New York World* to see the

latest bulletin from Princeton? The LIT., however, has the first official information of the outbreak, this time, and will present the results of some recent diagnoses, under the title of "Certain Chronic Complaints." The symptoms have been manifest in the current table talk at clubs for several years. Sporadic cases have, from time to time, found expression in the columns of the college press, owing to which latter fact there has resulted quite a number of notable cures, as an effect of heroic treatment from the board of resident surgeons.

Since the recent examinations there has been an unprecedented outburst of this malady, Complaining, for this it is to which we refer. We were not aware that young men possessed so little hopelessness, so little feeling of delight in life. But it is only necessary to edit a college paper to be impressed with the fact that, to all appearances, about one-half of the opinions of an average student are unfavorable to the existing order of things; in college society, in athletics, in college journalism, but above all—and what a source of inspiration it is—in college government. To judge from our exchanges, the same spirit is rampant in other institutions, even more, perhaps, than here. We have pretty effectually repressed the "mash story," but the "suggestion to the trustees" remains to be subdued. We shall take our readers into our confidence a little, and let the trustees and faculty and curators, etc., feel for an awful moment what an armed host of suggestion and advice, of scorn and melancholy, we and our predecessors have, like Horatius, at the bridge, been holding in check.

One fine, old, reliable subject used to be "new walks needed," and now—whether as a result of the vast body of literature it called forth, we leave you to judge—the complicated maze of stone flagging which our campus boasts is the wonder and admiration of all beholders. The grading system, it is useless to say, has nobly withstood the attacks made upon it by ambitious reformers, although it has fur-

nished forth many a learned text and sermon for lay preachers. Yet we wonder what would have become of the grading system (and of its opponents, too), if some of their diatribes had not been stopped at "bridge." And the elective system—why, beyond a doubt, the College would now have as many courses as the annual LIT. banquet at Delmonico's, if one-tenth of the suggestions of students had been carried out. It is needless to say that the elective system is still *in statu quo*.

It is indeed difficult for students to appreciate the aims and methods of those who govern the College; and we often exhibit a spirit of ignorant and unreasonable caviling which must be either very amusing or very exasperating to those to whom we tender advice. And yet, the student has a right to complain of what he considers abuses, and to offer rational suggestions. Any college paper which should shut down on such contributions would not be a fair representative of college sentiment. Undergraduate opinion has been and always will be effective, when voiced in the right spirit. Now a spirit of mere fault-finding produces only opposition. It is sheer nonsense to condemn on principle, as so many do, every piece of legislation which is made. The college ought never to fall into such a state that the only two parties are the faculty and the students, the business of the latter being to oppose the acts of the former. Nothing is more to be avoided than a spirit of carping hostility between the two; and it goes without saying, that there are plenty of students who can see no good whatever in any exercise of discipline or any course of policy which the authorities undertake. There is a popular college song, more profane than elegant, which quite forcibly expresses the spirit to which we allude.

Now it is our privilege to be able to state, on good authority, that the Faculty have no specially evil designs on us; that when, for example, a professor conditions a man, he does not do it because he wants to blight that man's prospects or ruin his career; that he even does not selfishly pur-

sue this course in order to monopolize that student's society for the next two or three weeks. The average growler loves his ease; he is not particularly malicious, but he hates to be disturbed; his motto is the sentiment of the melancholy Jacques in "As You Like It": "I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt."

IN SPITE of our editorial on Chronic Complaints, we feel compelled to express what certainly is the moderate and rational opinion of the entire Senior class, on a very important subject. The class, to a man, feel that they are pursuing too many branches, and are thus unable to make the best possible use of their time. We are the more encouraged to give voice to this feeling because we are aware that changes in the curriculum for Senior year are now under consideration of the authorities, with a view to obviating this difficulty. Those who complain do not desire less work but that the work be less scattered. In getting an education, we seek not only variety, but depth of learning. Under a system which makes a man pursue ten subjects in a course of thirteen hours a week, there is rather more variety than depth. The most zealous and learned instructor cannot do more with the finest class than give them the mere elements of a science like Histology or Metaphysics, in a course of fourteen hours strung over as many weeks. The result is the worst of all educational defects, superficiality. The only rational way out of the difficulty has been that practiced by many men last term. They devoted most of their time and all of their zeal to some four or five correlated subjects, grouping the philosophical branches, for instance, or the chemical or the literary courses. To do this, they were obliged to give the other subjects the cold shoulder, to take most of their absence allowances from them, and to secretly

poll the lectures of one instructor under the nose of another. The result was that there never has been such a general shaking up of grades and ranks. The number of conditions was phenomenal, and the relative standing was unduly influenced by the wide disparity between grades of different men in the same subject.

If each of the dozen electives open to Seniors offered a two-hour course, and if only three electives had to be chosen, the difficulty would be, in great measure, overcome. This change is especially desirable in subjects like German and French, where practice in speaking and rapid reading is so necessary, and where one's vocabulary slips away so easily from week to week. In the classics, too, after having spent more than half of the last seven years in acquiring a knowledge of the grammars, one should be permitted to read much and rapidly in the classic literatures for the sake of reading itself, and this cannot be done with much profit in a one-hour course. This want is now partly supplied by optional instruction, kindly offered in Junior and Senior years by several professors in these departments. Prof. Packard has a class reading Suetonius, and Prof. Winans another in Thucydides. But this work should not be merely optional, it should be elective. If students feel such need of Greek and Latin that they can spare time for solid courses like these, it should be counted in their favor.

Literary Gossip.

THERE is one feature of contemporary American authorship which is so open and so offensive that it might well be made the subject of satire. It is the public flattery—reciprocal, of course—which is indulged in by so many New England novelists and poets. This mutual admiration is well enough, if kept out of the public view, but becomes somewhat nauseating when exhibited in print. The secret of New England's success in the literary field can not, to be sure, be attributed wholly or in great part to this cause. But whatever the causes, it is yearly becoming less fitting that the center of intellectual activity should be in a section whose average life is so different from the average life of the nation. Will the time ever come when literature will have its metropolis farther west than Boston, in a more representative section? Not while New England authors stand shoulder to shoulder and find in Boston a rallying-place and a home, unless some city of the Middle States can offer greater inducements to the muses. Cincinnati has been building a nest for the divine bird of music, but she will not lodge there. New York has been erecting costly temples to the sacred nine, but wealth and convenience cannot tempt them. Club-houses, opera houses, libraries, publishing establishments stand ready, but the truculent maidens are still loth to leave Plymouth Rock, where they have been alternately shivering and singing for two hundred years. Unwilling as one may be to admit it, the fact remains that American literature has been, and is still, mainly New England literature. The scenes of more than half of our best novels and poems are laid there; the characters are Yankee; the atmosphere is Puritanic or Neo-Puritanic, and behind all this is the fact that the authors themselves are generally of New England blood. We all remember how it was in childhood. The child-books and magazines bore the imprint Boston, and even the school-readers were calculated to instill the idea that the words Massachusetts and America were synonymous. And with what disappointment did we realize at last that our own relations to New England were as those of outside barbarians to the Athenians. The Gossip, for one, is loth to yield to this feeling—is loth to give up the future, at any rate. The future is being inquired into of late, with this end in view. There has been a series of letters in the *Century* on "New York as a field of fiction"—a step in the right direction. It would be hard to name more than half a dozen first-class novels whose scenes are laid in the Middle States. Jealous? So be it, if jealousy will only produce

competition, and spur up Princeton men to literary effort. By the way, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the New England dialect will some day be exhausted as a mine for fiction; and in view of this possibility, everyone should be interested in Mr. Cable's development of the Creole speech. *Apres* of all this, we are glad to note that the scene of the new serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "In War Time," is Philadelphia, although the characters are from "down East," "down Bosting way," as usual.

—We are reminded on all sides of the fact, which is becoming more and more generally recognized, that if the present generation is making its mark anywhere in literature, it is in those earnest essays, those unprejudiced and systematic criticisms which our best authors have made their special field. Certainly no one will deny the appropriateness of the title of "Prose Masterpieces," which the Putnams have given to their edition of selected essays from recent and living writers. Beginning with Irving's essay on "The Mutability of Literature," these three little volumes contain selections from Hunt, Lamb and Sidney Smith, coming down to the time of those great essayists so recently dead, Emerson, Morley, Carlyle and Newman, and including of living authors, among others, Ruskin, Lowell, Froude and Arnold. A glance at the titles of the various essays will convince anyone of the increasing seriousness shown in this kind of literature. The best essayists at the beginning of the century were humorists, their productions ran over with easy pleasantry, and they treated ordinary topics in the Addisonian vein. The fun grows more earnest as you come down to DeQuincey and Landor. Thackeray's contribution is warm and hearty, with a touch of seriousness; and then come the moderns, all in crape, writing earnestly, sadly, with the air of reformers. Each has his mission, and that no longer one of amusement, but of persuasion.

—Speaking of amusement, the most side-splitting farce which the last month has witnessed is the article by Sir Lepel Griffin, K. C. S. I., in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "A Visit to Philistia." We are unable to settle the question whether this is in jest or earnest, its position is so ludicrous and its assertion so astounding. It is hard for readers on this side of the Atlantic to swallow in good faith such statements as these: "The good in American institutions is of English origin and descent; what is bad is indigenous, and this she now desires to teach to us. But Britannia, who, since her daughter has become independent and carried her affections elsewhere, has escaped the dreary rôle of chaperone, may surely refuse invitations to see Columbia dance, in fancy dress, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and may plead her age and figure when asked to learn the new step." "Republican institutions have had a trial for a hundred years, and, so far as out

siders can judge, their failure is complete." Shall we ever walk straight after that blow? The January number of the *Atlantic* contains a sequel to the pleasant and instructive sketch, "Mr. Washington Adams in England," which Mr. Richard Grant White published in its pages last summer. It is to be hoped that the K. C. S. I. may deign to read it.

—Have you never delivered a warm eulogy on an old friend, labeled him a good fellow, a capital companion once, and, with a sigh for days gone by, laid him on memory's shelf, expecting to see him never again? Then have you made new acquaintances and mingled with the world while the perfume of old love grows faint indeed, and yet more faint—until suddenly some day you meet the once-beloved friend again, older-looking, perhaps, but better-looking too? And then back rushes all the past, and true love begins where first love grew cold and died. "The Reveries of a Bachelor" always possessed a strange, sweet charm for us; but it had been put aside, with other reveries, to make way for sterner things, when lo! back come those magic monologues, arrayed this time in finer garments than of old. Well does it deserve its title, "A Book of the Heart." [All of which means, of course, that we have seen the beautiful edition lately published by the Scribners.]

—The chief merit of Messrs. Linton & Stoddard's "Lyrics of the XIXth Century" seems to your Gossip to lie not so much in the mere fact that it is a good anthology, for there are several such, as in its being impartial and judicious in the difficult task of making representative selections from such a large number of living and recent authors. It must be a work of no slight difficulty to get the right proportions, to see to it, for instance, that the space given to Tennyson bears the proper relation to that devoted to Robert Browning.

—We are in receipt of a beautiful volume of poems from the press of D. Appleton & Co., entitled "The City of Success," by Henry Abbey. The author's commendable choice of home subjects with which he is familiar is noticeable throughout the volume, at least in its latter half.

Editors' Table.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene III.*

AS WE were sitting in our study, the other evening, a feeling of sadness stole over us as we read the pile of exchanges that covered the floor. We felt as we never felt before the frivolity pervading American colleges. As we read mash story after mash story we asked ourselves the question, does the American college youth consider mashing the *summum bonum* of existence? Sad indeed was the answer to this query given by the college press of our own beloved land. In the midst of this gloomy reverie suddenly there came joy and hope from Canada. We gazed long and steadfastly at the *Astrum Alberti*. We saw possibility for the future as we read of "moral and religious teaching," "University consolidation," etc. The clouds parted. The sky grew brighter still as we fondly poured over the *Queen's College Journal*. There the muse is suppressed. Sonnets such as grace the pages of *Acta* are tabooed. But such topics as these engross the attention of the Canadian youth: "Standard Time," "State Aid to Colleges," "Foreign Missions," and "Foot-ball."

While in a serious frame of mind, we take occasion to refer to the December *Vassar Miss*. The *Miss* asks, in a plaintive, injured tone, "Why does the Princeton *Tiger* refuse to set foot in our *sanctum*?" It being inconvenient for the *Tiger* to reply to this query, we are advised by the friends of the deceased to say that the *Tiger* passed away many months ago, after a painful and lingering illness, having been carefully doctored by the Faculty, who were so pleased with it while living that they have forbidden all attempts to resurrect it.

The *Acta-Columbiana* is very attractive in its holiday dress. The cuts are the special attraction of the number. The stories run in rather well-worn ruts. In some cases there seems to have been a tendency to imitate Puck—hardly a suitable example for a college paper. The poetry, a feature in which the *Acta* excels, is rather above the average.

RHITA.

"Rhita, seated in her bower,
Resting from her morning walk,
Saw a richly colored flower
Bending on its slender stalk—
'Oh!' said she, 'were I the flower,
To bloom so fair in this sweet bower.'

"Rested, Rhita flew again,
A pleasure-seeking wanderer,
Over rock and lea and glen,
Till a stream attracted her.
'Oh!' she cried, 'were I the stream,
To steal away so like a dream.'

"The summer winds blew softly by,
And Rhita stood by stream and bower.
Alas! for her, the stream was dry
And withered was the lovely flower.
'Parched shores and wasted stem,
I'm glad I was not one of them.'"—*Acta*.

The *Yale Lit.*, for December, is one of the best of the present volume. The leader, entitled "Then and Now," compares the college at present with what it was forty or fifty years ago. The writer points out a noticeable change—the increased attention paid to athletics. While successfully showing an improvement in the physical condition of modern college students, he is not so successful in answering the question whether or not there has been a retrogression in mental activity. The number closes with an excellent parody, entitled "A Modern Analytic Study."

Rutgers and Wesleyan have been holding quite a lengthy post-mortem over the late foot-ball season. The discussion has been conducted with some feeling. The *Targum* thus pays its respects to the *Wesleyan Argus*: "We mentioned the fact that Princeton had vanquished the 'second-only, to Yale,' Wesleyan team, and this 'fulsome laudation,' as the *Argus* is pleased to call it, fixes us as 'the tail to the Princeton kite.' Why this position is inferior to that of being the resonant tin-cup attached to the tale of the Yale dog, the *Argus* has not plainly shown, but leaves us to the 'fulsome' resources of inference. The poetry of the *Argus* is better than the prose, however peculiar it may appear to the uninitiated. Since a certain clipping from its pages was pinned to the bulletin board, we have received numerous effusions to a certain 'Parvulus Methodist,' but have refrained from infringing on copy-right. But let us not quarrel, *Argus*. We acknowledge our defeat at Wesleyan's hands, and can only hope to retrieve our misfortunes next year. Although our game with you was played under circumstances very trying to us, although you could not appreciate them, our team brought back naught but pleasant recollections of Wesleyan men and Wesleyan hospitality. We congratulate you heartily on your interest, and attendant success in foot-ball, and hope that it may truly not prove a 'mushroom growth.' Next year we shall beat you—if we can."

The University of Michigan has felt a trifle dissatisfied with the results of their eastern trip. The *Argonaut* accuses Jenks, the Yale

referee, in their game with Wesleyan, of partiality and unfairness. The discussion is lively and interesting, as is seen in the way the *Argus* starts out in reply: "The pitiable defeat of the Michigan eleven, during their eastern trip, is only exceeded by the ridiculous ignorance and more ridiculous claims of the Michigan University papers, in their comments on the ill-starred venture." There is more of the same kind, and thus the campaign is re-fought—on paper.

We are glad to learn, from the *Harvard Advocate*, that so large a proportion of the students remained at Cambridge during the holiday vacation, and were to be seen carrying huge piles of books from the library. This gives us a new insight into the character of the Harvard man. We always knew he was a poller. But this activity is alarming. It at least suggests another argument in favor of college athletics. The most muscular man can carry the heaviest burden of books.

We have not referred to our young protégé, *The Princetonian*, for some time. This has not been from any abatement of admiration, for everything has been "up to the usual standard." The advertisements have been interesting, the editorials forcible, the stories unexceptionable. *The Princetonian*, however, not satisfied with past glory, aspires to new spheres of usefulness. Henceforth it will be "aggressive and outspoken, at the same time maintaining a dignified reserve." In this endeavor, as in the past, it will receive our sympathy.

Calendar.

DEC. 19TH.—College closes for holiday vacation.

DEC. 27TH.—Annual convention of the Inter-collegiate Rowing Association held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. C. W. Bird, of Princeton, elected president; R. I. Thompson, of Bowdoin, vice-president; C. Jones, of Univ. of Pa., secretary; and F. G. Schofield, of Cornell, treasurer. It was decided that the regatta should take place on Saratoga Lake.

JAN. 3D.—College re-opens.....107th Anniversary of the Battle of Princeton.

JAN. 13TH.—Informal reception to Senior electives by Prof. Libbey. A number of gentlemen report having passed an agreeable and interesting evening.

JAN. 14TH.—Ethics examination for Seniors.....Library meeting at the residence of Dr. Murray. The paper on "George Eliot" was read by Mr. Paul Van Dyke.

JAN. 15TH.—Mass-meeting of the College for the election of baseball officers. P. T. Kimball, '84, was elected president; W. M. Hall, '85, treasurer. The president, treasurer and captain were appointed a committee to draw up a constitution.

JAN. 16TH.—Mass-meeting to decide whether Princeton shall have a crew or abandon boating. Decided to enter a crew. The following officers were then elected: Captain, C. W. Bird, '85; president, Grier Hersh, '84; vice-president, F. S. Hicks, '84; treasurer, W. Jackson, '85; secretary, S. M. Bevin, '86.

JAN. 16TH.—Metaphysical soiree, conducted by Prof. Patton.....J. Y. Boyd elected chairman Class-day Committee.

JAN. 19TH.—Boating convention held at Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia. Columbia's resignation was received and accepted. Cornell was admitted. Childs Cup championship race to be rowed on a new course farther up the Schuylkill.

JAN. 20TH.—Rev. Howard Duffield, '73, preached in chapel.

JAN. 24TH.—Glee Club concert in Princeton.

JAN. 25TH.—Prof. Young lectures in Steinway Hall, New York, on "Comets and Meteors.".....Concert of Glee Club at Lakewood, N. J.

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